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THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Articles on Europe
Missionary Letters

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Published monthly except July and August
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VOLUME XVI

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PRAY!

Pray, for earth has many a need;
Pray, for prayer is vital deed;
Pray, for God in heaven hears;
Pray, for prayer will move the spheres.

Pray, for praying leads to peace;
Pray, for praying gives release;
Pray, for prayer is never lost;
Pray, for prayer well pays its cost.

Pray, for every prayer is gold;
Pray, for prayer is joy untold;
Pray, for praying frees from care;
Pray, for Jesus joins your prayer.

—Amos R. Wells.

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

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Notify us at once of change of address, giving both old and new addresses and writing plainly.

We shall be thankful for names and addresses of Christian friends, to whom we may send sample copies of the magazine. We appreciate your sympathetic co-operation with us.

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DEVOTIONAL AND EDITORIAL

WORSHIP IN RUSSIA

By Rev. G. G. Williams

IN SOVIET Russia "Rest Days" come every sixth day, following five days of work. There are no weeks, no names for the days, just months and days of the month, indicated by number only. This is April 14th in the Western Church calendar, known as Palm Sunday.

Here palms are expensive. At a church door a poor woman is selling pussy willows, which seem to take the place of the palm leaves. It is one of the smaller Greek Orthodox churches, at the end of a narrow, obscure street, with shabby, uninviting exterior. The large churches, beautiful and prominently located, are closed, and serve either for commercial purposes or are used as museums. Some are preserved as relics of art; many, lacking this quality, are destroyed. There is said to be an open Orthodox Church in each quarter of Moscow.

Concerning Protestant churches, the Intourist office was uncertain. A telephone call to "Headquarters" brought word, "We believe there *was* a Protestant church in the city, but now we think it is closed."

So I go to the Orthodox Church. It is 10:30, and the service has begun. There are fewer than one hundred present: nine or ten elderly men, one crippled young man, a few young mothers with infants for baptism; the rest, mostly elderly women.

A man in black, with funeral voice, is reading and chanting, apparently from a prayer book. At intervals the people join with him in the chant. All are standing except, perhaps, six old ladies and a priest. Worshipers do not expect to sit down in the Orthodox Church. The only possible change in posture is to kneel on the tiled floor, and some are doing this.

Here a woman is kissing an icon. Many are crossing themselves and bowing before the images and posters. Over in the corner an aged priest is immersing an infant in the laver. For others too young or too frail, the water is being applied to brow, hands, and feet, after which the parents kiss the crucifix.

Now the chief priest appears and, in clear, resonant voice, leads the chant, in which the people join. Sometimes he waves a censer, and occasionally disappears behind the latticed altar screen, through which his sonorous voice is still heard. At times the older priest joins him antiphonally—the one inside, the other outside the altar screen. In the early part of the service, the tones of the worshipers are plaintive and sad. Now they seem to be pleading. Later the tones change, and seem to rise to a note of victory. At the end, even to my foreign ears, the untranslatable "Alleluia" is clearly distinguishable.

Near me two gray-haired gentlemen have been standing for more than an hour. How reverently they have been watching and listening! Occasionally one crosses himself. Tears are in the eyes of the man nearest me. At last he pushes through the crowd to a position behind the officiating priest. There he stands motionless, facing the altar, long after the priest has gone. It is twelve o'clock, and I leave him amid the worshipers, in the candle light and the incense, before the altar.

What do they see? What do they hear? Most of them have been standing an hour and a half. The priest has come and gone, but still they stand. They are not there because they are doing a popular thing in this small, dingy church, in a narrow, cobble-paved, obscure street. The building is owned by the government. The service is under governmental disfavor, and may be prohibited at any time. It is possible that those who thus insist on divine worship, contrary to government wish, may become suspects and lose favor with the authorities, which may result in deportation to the dreaded White Sea or Siberian forests. But there they stand!

Barriers of language and barriers of law prevent the words of comfort and hope which flood one's heart. How we long to tell them, "He is not here! He is risen!" that He has sent the Comforter to live in their hearts, and that they now may receive Him by faith.

Doubtless this picture, in some measure, represents millions of the older men and women in Russia. The young people are busy with their second "Five-year Plan." The government owns everything and guarantees them a job and a living, and the government frowns on religion; why, then, should they think of the church? As one of them said to me, "I never think of religion. There is no hereafter; death ends all."

Their form of worship seems lifeless and pagan, but, as I think of them standing there in the dim light, and hear again the wailing chant, and in memory see the crossing of chest and kissing of image, and that wistful, tearful waiting before the altar, I realize that, even if "everyone in Russia has a job," "man cannot live by bread alone." It is also evident that Lenin's Society of the Militant Godless has been neither able to stifle nor to meet the need of that in the heart of man which never rests until it rests in Christ. Even the young woman who said, "I never think about religion," later admitted, "I was awfully scared last summer when I was ill and thought I was going to die."

The Soviet Government realizes that the preaching of the gospel would condemn its methods, reveal its dark deeds, and finally release the people from their present bondage. Mr. Stalin, therefore, says: "We cannot be neutral toward religion;" and Lenin called his followers "The Militant Society of the Godless."

A Russian pastor tells the following story: His father had a small farm with a horse and five or six cows. He was known as *kulak*. He lived about a hundred miles from Leningrad, and in his spare time he went about the country, preaching the gospel and distributing the Scriptures and other religious literature—all at his own expense. The son left Russia to complete his education in London. At the railway station, the father's last words were: "Son, remember that no man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God." They never met again. The father was then about 56 years of age, of unusual physical strength, without a gray hair, with perfect teeth, a powerfully built man. Not long after, he was arrested for

his religious activities, and deported to enforced labor on the White Sea—Leningrad Canal. After three years he was released and returned home.

But the commission to preach the gospel had been given by a higher power. He had put his hand to the plow and he would not look back. The work of preaching was resumed, perhaps with greater earnestness than before. In a short time he was again arrested and deported to Siberia. In less than six months it was all over—death mercifully liberated him before he was sixty.

The son never got the details—if any member of the family has them, he dare not put them into writing—but one thing he knows: his father never looked. And that son is not looking back. If he cannot preach the gospel in Russia, he is doing so night and day among his people outside of Russia.

The Christians in Russia are much like those early Christians who worshiped in the Catacombs under the streets of Rome. True, there is no arena with lions in Moscow or Leningrad, but the mines and forests of Siberia, with enforced labor and often with scanty food, are their arena, and not less deadly! O ye Christians of America, pray for the suffering saints in Russia!

SERVICE UNDER DIFFICULTY

By D. Prystupa

(Poland)

I THINK you already know that I am in a new place. This is a very large field. We have more than 400 members, and I am always on the way from one community to another. Until I took over this work, there was no trained Bible teacher who could satisfy the spiritual hunger of the people. For this reason, they were fighting among themselves and teachers of false doctrine had great success among them. Of course, the more mature Christians were untouched by these evils, but the majority of the people were joining one or another group and drifting away from the Lord. This is easy to understand, if we remember that most of the people are illiterate. Even the Christian leaders in the community read the Bible with great difficulty. Among these people the Lord has placed me. The field is very hard, but everything is possible with God. I ask you to pray for me.

The people are very poorly clad and fed and, as a result, there is much thievery and fighting. Tomorrow, for instance, I leave on a trip of 30 to 50 kilometers, not only to preach the gospel but also to reconcile the people.

My health is not very good. I have chronic pain in my lungs. My wife, too, is not well, and I am obliged to leave her alone at home during my evangelistic trips. Do not forget me during 1935. May the loving Lord bless you and help you in everything!

NEED FOR PRAYER

By C. Marvakoff

(Bulgaria)

OUR mission work has been disturbed during these past two months by the new government, but I do believe that all these difficulties will work out for our good. We are not going into new places or villages to carry the gospel, but are coming together for prayer in the homes of the believers. Our Sunday School is very good, though we do not have many children.

We are trying to get permission to work among the Pomaks. Bringing the gospel to them is quite a problem. We must be saturated with His love and patience until they wake up and the Sun of Righteousness shines into their hearts, which only comes through knowing and believing in Christ. God is able to remove all difficulties, so that we may be able to continue our work unhindered. We have committed ourselves and our work into our Saviour's hands, for He knows just when and how to use us to bring these lost ones to Himself.

SUMMER WORK AT RADOST, POLAND

"THE work is so very wonderful this summer—enlarged and blessed beyond anything we thought of. The last two groups have been over fifty each. We only wanted forty, but the tears and pressing needs so touched my heart that I made them ten more. We are at the present a family of fifty-eight. We use a hundred pounds of potatoes every day, and the last bread bill for the month was large. You may know we are making the most of everything, saving to the uttermost, and having great joy and happiness in putting all we are and have into this work of the Lord. I believe we have reached over one thousand Jews this summer, who had never been in touch with the life and gospel of our Lord. We have seen souls saved and brought through. Over two hundred children and women have already been with us at Radost for a fortnight, and those whom we found awakened we kept a month. We still keep on—the hall at Ogrodowa overcrowded and hundreds of applications still coming. We have such nice fine women with us and, although it is hard, hard work, I count it the greatest privilege of my life. Have never seen such opening and response to the gospel work among Jews as I have this summer."

The above is an extract from Miss Christoffersen's letter written late in August, which we thought our readers, would enjoy having. We plan to give a full report of her work later.

FROM FARM TO MISSION FIELD

By Edwin E. Jacques

In October, 1932, Rev. and Mrs. Edwin E. Jacques went forth to Albania to bear the glad tidings of the gospel message. They are having a term of useful ministry and will soon be returning to this country for rest and deputation work. The story of God's saving grace and the dedication of life to His service is always stimulating and encouraging. We trust Mr. Jacques' testimony may be a blessing to our readers and call forth a burden of prayer for the needy field of Albania. We desire to print this article in leaflet form, as the Lord enables.

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood."

THE Lord Jesus was a stranger to me until my 17th year. Throughout childhood I had been sent to Sunday School and Junior Christian Endeavor, but had managed to make attendance quite irregular. The first time I "skipped" Sunday School and went swimming by the dam, I just couldn't get up courage to dive or jump off the wall—so afraid that God might punish me and I'd never come up! About my earliest recollection here is of a very shrill voice: "I will sing the wondrous story of the Christ who died for me." Human nature could never forget that voice, but it utterly overlooked the great fact of Christ's atonement for our sins. Such things seemed for older people. Some years later, on taking a Sunday newspaper route, I still attended, but was innocently unaware of any mild scandal caused by my storing a small pile of undelivered Sunday "funnies" on the back pew till after the session. Attendance during those earlier years was simply in order to be with the others and to have a good time. A very happy boyhood was mine, and an exceptional home life. God graciously restrained me from the way of the "prodigal," but the "elder brother" temperament was equally in need of redemption.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin E. Jacques

And then it happened. The "Farmer-Evangelist" left his Northern Maine potato fields and came to the church for evangelistic meetings. I arrived late my second night, but squeezed in the back pew with other boys in our class. Again we had come simply for a "good time." God, in grace, made it the best time of my life. Early in the sermon the preacher insisted that woman's primary responsibility was not in politics but in the home. Fully conscious of a high school senior's wisdom on the subject of "women," I called out in a low voice, "Amen." This was intended only for the ears of the other boys, but it seemed like a shout in the hushed room. Several turned and looked our way disapprovingly. There ended my "good time." I was squelched! From then on I listened earnestly. The way and the wages of sin were proclaimed. The gift of God to penitent believers was offered. The invitation was given. Then came the really "good" time.

Heartily ashamed of myself, and driven by a realization of my guilt before God, I sought and found salvation. That evening, on my knees, Christ saved me. My sins were forgiven. The transaction was all very real to me. Some years later, in a diary kept at the time I found these words: "Went to the meeting tonight. When the invitation was given, I went down front and accepted Christ. I do so pray that I may live a good Christian life." Shortly afterward, in school, it greatly impressed me to find my experience summarized in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*—"And fools who came to scoff remained to pray." That Easter (1925) I was baptized and united with the First Baptist Church of Franklin, Mass. Great was the rejoicing as sixteen of us were baptized. Still greater would it have been had it been realized that among us were in embryo a pastor, a home missionary, and a foreign missionary.

That I should have become that foreign missionary was the most unbelievable—at least, to me. Our pastor must have thought otherwise, for, when extending the right hand of fellowship into the church, he voiced the hope that I might give my whole life to the service of Christ. What a surprise that was! Become a minister! The thought aroused absolutely no favorable response on my part. Such a life was the farthest from my intent or desire. Immediately after conversion, I had begun habitual Bible study and prayer, tithing of income, and deeper effort and interest in church work. But to become a preacher—never! My life work was outlined very satisfactorily, and conversion certainly would not affect that! Aviation! I was "crazy" about it—always had been! During my second year at high school I had started preparing for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where I might study for such a life work. The next two years were loaded with work ("down on the farm") and intensive study, majoring in mathematics and the sciences. By graduation the College Board exams were completed, and September, 1925, found me at Technology as a Freshman. Church, prayer meeting, Sunday School teaching, Christian Endeavor—these were continued faithfully, but I gave no serious thought to entering the Lord's work.

Those first critical months, He led me into part-time work with two devoted believers, whose love for the Word and for prayer exceeded anything in my past experience. Again and again, here as with other church acquaintances, I was amazed that the Lord Jesus could be so blessedly real to men today. It opened up ahead new vistas of Christian experience. Long discussions while working settled me on the usual young people's difficulties, especially the need of absolute separation from worldliness. Many dead leaves fell in those days. Looking back as I write, I must express unspeakable gratitude toward the pastor and people of the church for the deep spiritual sympathy and the patient encouragement which we weak children in the faith always found, even in the face of all the usual foolishness of youth.

With what infinite care our Father attends to every detail of the redeemed life! How He plans it all to fulfil the perfect pattern He has ordained! The summer of '26 I accepted a clerical position in a distant summer resort. It would take me away from my spiritual environment; moreover, it would require Sunday work. This last had bothered me considerably, but my schooling seemed in the balance. I compromised and accepted. God only knows what might have happened to the developing spiritual life, but, just a couple of days before I was to have left home, He opened up for me much better paying night work in a mill near home. A telegram secured my release.

It was during this redeemed summer He again called me. Unsettling urges had troubled me before, at church, whenever the pastor called for our surrender to the service of Christ. These I had suppressed. Then three of us young men attended the closing week-end of a Young People's Conference. That Sunday morning the speaker used the text: "What is that in thine hand?" He pleaded for the utter consecration of all to Christ's service. A strong conviction came over me that I should abandon my own plans and enter the gospel ministry. But I rebelled. I felt I had worked too hard and planned too much on my engineering career to give it up. Also, the ministry held for me no appeal whatsoever.

In the latter half of my first year at Technology, and appearing at times that fall, periods of doubt came upon me. I could not be certain whether or not I was a Christian. This may or may not have been influenced by the highly materialistic atmo-

sphere and teachings, but time after time I anxiously sought a positive assurance from God that I was saved. Such assurance came in an unforeseen way. At one of our own evening services of consecration, an indescribably joyous experience followed. Nothing mattered, nobody mattered but Jesus. Desiring to stay on the mountain top forever, I didn't go out with the people, but stumbled through the choir loft and out into the darkness of a back room. There, kneeling in the darkness, heaven was all about. But it was interrupted by a shuffling sound. Rising, I snapped on the light. There was my brother groping for the back door. He, too, was on the mountain top! A strange appearance we must have presented—weeping, yet rejoicing. A new bond was there welded between us. That hour left me with a new conception of the reality of Christ to His disciples, and of my right relationship with God.

In the fall, technical training had been resumed. With the rush of school life, I was able to forget somewhat my constraint toward the Lord's work. My conscience was quieted by activity in the church. I was able to convince myself that Christian business men were needed as much as Christian ministers. As a Christian steward, I could finance the work. Also, I could help my parents to retire from their life of strenuous work. I thought the matter settled. Nevertheless, whenever I was confronted, either by sermon or reading, with the matter of entering Christian work, an uneasiness would come over me. I knew the Lord wanted me there. Yet, because of aversion to such work, also my attraction to and long preparation for aviation, I persistently refused the call. On returning to Technology, a new department had been established, Aeronautical Engineering. It being just what I longed for, I enrolled at once. Looking forward to the more practical side, application was made to the advanced R. O. T. C. for membership in the air corps unit. A prerequisite for admission to this unit is the passing of the physical exam for army pilots. Even in such matters as this, I would pray for God's favor, though I knew I was moving in direct disobedience to His will.

Then, one night my younger brother told me that he was to enter the ministry. At once a wave of conviction and shame swept over me. If I were obedient, I would be doing likewise. Praying that night, I promised God that if I were ever certain of His call to me, I would respond. This in spite of my own positive conviction that I was called! Anything to postpone that last unwilling step!

In the meantime, I went ahead with my own plans. In order to qualify for the air corps, it was necessary to undergo two minor operations. The first was attended to in early February. Returning home, I was confined there over Sunday. That morning, at church time, I picked up a book given me by the pastor: *The Threefold Secret of the Holy Spirit*, by J. H. McConkey. I have always liked puzzles and tests; as I read, I decided to measure myself spiritually by this standard and see just what was lacking. I soon learned! First came—The Secret of His *Incoming*, which occurred at the New Birth, when I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. Yes, I was now sure of this! Then came—The Secret of His *Infilling*, realized by a complete surrender to His will. Instantly a tense feeling of crisis came over me. Again I was face to face with that matter which just couldn't be evaded. Almost against my will I read on. These words described the struggle before surrender of self: "We will lead meetings, sign pledges, fill official positions, draw checks even to the half of our fortune, yea, do anything else but yield our life to God in full surrender." Describing the struggle after surrender, it read: "What bitter tests of pride and reputation! What sweeping sacrifices loom up unthought of before—the pulpit; the mission field; yielded idols; surrendered professions or occupations or possessions! That day on which a child of God decides to yield his will to God, will scarce have passed its meridian ere he will stand appalled at the revelation of his own unwillingness to do God's will."

Oh, that mighty conviction! It seemed to stifle me. I wouldn't say "yes," yet I couldn't say "no." Unaware of the spiritual struggle going on in our living room, someone laughingly handed me a comic sheet and told me to "read that." I had no appetite for "that." But, obligingly, I held the paper unseen in front of my face a moment, forced a laugh, then again read: "The pulpit; the mission field; yielded idols; surrendered professions . . ." It was impossible to leave that page unsettled. I was afraid to say "no," yet I was afraid to say "yes." In those tense moments of equilibrium—when mighty spiritual forces were so finely balanced—how tender His

love! Refusing by force to compel, He by love and grace drew out the heart in willing obedience. Looking that day at myself, at friends, at an attractive world, at future years in my ideal lifework, I cried out "No;" but when I looked upon *Him* . . . oh, there could be but one answer! "Yes, Lord, yes!"

I said: "Let me walk in the field;"
God said: "Nay, walk in the town."
I said: "There are no flowers there;"
He said: "No flowers, but a crown."

I said: "But the sky is black;
There is nothing but noise and din."
But He wept as He sent me back—
"There is more," He said; "there is sin."

I said: "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun;"
He answered: "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said: "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say;"
He answered me, "Choose tonight
If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given;
He said: "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the fields,
Then set my face to the town;
He said: "My child, do you yield?
Will you leave the flowers for the crown?"

Then into His hand went mine,
And into my heart came He;
And I walk, in a light divine,
The path I had feared to see.

(*Obedience*, by George MacDonald.)

That second year at Technology was completed, but the Rubicon was crossed. Though hesitant about speaking of this change, there was never any questioning of the original decision. Neither was there any doubt about the type of service. He had called me to the needier sphere—the foreign field. Several younger friends declared, "You're crazy!" or adults, "Edwin, you're a foolish, foolish boy!" But, after another summer's night work in the mill, I entered Gordon College of Theology and Missions at Boston. There, under the sound and scholarly teaching of able professors, I was led into an understanding of, and deep reliance in, the Bible as the very Word of God. I shall ever be grateful that no blunted or broken blade was there thrust into our hands, but the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

The next few years were a swift succession of events. Summer pastorates were held in New Brunswick, Canada, under the Home Mission Board. Ordination was received in 1929. Two years of graduate study at Gordon followed, during which I served as pastor of the East Congregational Church, East Concord, N. H. During that time I was married to Miss Dorothy Mellen, a Gordon classmate. Oddly enough, it was her pastor, we later discovered, whom God had used at the Young People's Conference to awaken me to His calling. Even so does He make "all things work together for good to them that love God." After a further year of study in New York and pastorate at Copiague, Long Island, we came out to Albania in 1932. The first two years we served with Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Kennedy at Kortcha, and later came here to Elbasan. Each step has been in unquestioning obedience to His will. That was a hard lesson learned—saying "yes" to God—but a thousandfold since has He justified His ways.

As for Albania, what can be said? It has none of the size nor the tradition nor the romance of the familiar fields. It has been neglected by the great Boards. Economically rich, but lying undeveloped, it is a poverty-stricken little country in the eastern shadow of Italy. Yet here are one million people. Seven out of ten are Moslems. There is no evangelical church. Historic Christianity is characterized more by ignorance or fanaticism than by spirituality. Young Albania has left the church and the mosque to the aged. Nationalism is of prime importance. Yet here is relative freedom from gospel work. Though we (and all others) are forbidden to hold open air meetings, the other activities of the mission are permitted. Also, this last winter permission was received to distribute the Scriptures freely throughout the country.

Possibly our most obvious need is that of other

workers. In all the country there are not more than half a dozen people vitally concerned over the salvation of this million. There should be workers stationed in everyone of the ten prefectures, or chief towns. We are now in only two. Just this morning in study my eyes fell upon that very familiar series of unanswerable questions: "*How* then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and *how* shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and *how* shall they hear without a preacher? and *how* shall they preach, except they be sent?" (Rom. 10:14–15). So we are praying the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth laborers into His harvest. For someone else it may mean "the pulpit; the mission field; yielded idols; surrendered professions . . . " But how beautiful upon Albania's mountains would be the coming of those gospel messengers! Not only those of Albania's ten centers, but also those of her innumerable villages might hear the old, old story. Then the "Good News" would filter back up into the inaccessible and unnamed mountain crofts, wherever the "Eagle-men" have built their nests, for even the most unlettered and primitive mountaineer has by divine right as much claim as we to that Blood-sealed legacy. Our responsibility, you remember, extends to "every creature."

Any Moslem country is peculiarly difficult for gospel work, but God has given us special joy in calling us to a country where the need for Christ is so apparent. The conspicuous white minarets, and the hodjas' quavering calls to prayer continually remind us that the Lord is not yet enthroned here. The prince of darkness still reigns, he who has blinded the minds of the unbelieving, that the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not dawn upon them. However, we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus as Lord. Oh that in all things here He may have the preëminence! We ask your prayer help for His exaltation in Albania. This thought is continually in our minds these days:

"In the wilderness for God,
  Just a common bush aflame!
This may I be, blessed Lord,
  For the glory of Thy name.

"Just a common bush to be
  Something in which God can dwell,
Something through which God can speak,
  Something through which God can tell

"All His yearnings over men,
  All His purposes of love,
Flaming with no light of earth
  But with glory from above.

"God Himself within the bush,
  Nothing seen but just the flame;
Make me that, just that, O God,
  For the glory of Thy Name."

SOWING THE WORD

By P. B. Kennedy
(Albania)

OUR work is going on regularly. I had a happy experience in selling the Scriptures in the public market here today. It is a testimony to God's Word and it gives one an opportunity to speak personally to many. I had a Mohammedan religious leader thank me for a Scripture portion today and ask me if I could help him obtain a Turkish Bible.

The people are very poor and can hardly buy a Gospel for a few cents. A Mohammedan boy bought the Gospel of Luke, probably because it had a bright red color. Later he came back and asked me if it were a Christian or a Mohammedan book and I told him we had Aziret Jisu, or "the Prophet Jesus," together. Another man wanted all the parts of the Old Testament which have been printed.

In speaking of the books of the Bible, I read sample passages and preach short, pointed sermons on them. Later we hope to have larger liberty to preach. May the Lord's will be done! We are looking to Him for guidance as to each step we take.

The Rest of Faith

Coming to Christ, we enter into the rest of faith. The very act of trust brings tranquillity, even when the person or thing trusted in is human or creatural and, therefore, uncertain. For, to roll the responsibility from myself, as it were, upon another, brings repose; and they who lean upon Christ's strong arm do not need to fear, though their own arm be very weak.—*Dr. Alexander Maclaren.*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACOB DILAKOFF, INDEPENDENT MISSIONARY IN RUSSIA

(*Continued*)

For some months we have been giving this autobiography in serial form. The translation of this matter was begun by Dr. Benjamin Labaree, D.D., and completed by Mrs. Mary Lewis Shedd more than thirty years later. Both were missionaries of the Presbyterian Mission in Persia at Urumia.

IN THE year 1867 I determined to make another visit to Urumia, that I might be ordained as a minister and that I might have the right to ordain other ministers. I went to Tiflis, where I stayed a number of days, working continually among the Molokans, in word and in prayer, in their families and in their meeting places. Here in Tiflis was the first man among the Russians who received the Baptist doctrine of baptism. He was Nikita Esaewitch Veronin, a bright young man, gifted in speech and much honored in the congregation of the Molokans. They were expecting to make him a helper to their pastor and later have him for their chief pastor.

I had talked and prayed with him much alone in his house. One day he said to me, "I believe that water baptism is commanded and ordained of Christ. For this reason, I wish to be baptized, but I do not want my wife and family to know it at present, lest they stir up trouble for me and for you." I paused a few moments to reflect. If I should baptize him, the Molokans would be sure to hear of it and oppose my working among them. I made known my thoughts to him and I then said, "I have a good friend here, a live Christian, named Martin Calveit, a German Baptist from Poland, who has recently come here, a tinsmith. He will be very glad to baptize you." At first he didn't agree, and replied, "I know you, and our Molokans are greatly disgusted with the Germans because of their eating pork. I want you to baptize me."

I said, "I don't think it is the will of the Lord that you should look at the matter so. He is a German, you are a Russian, and I am a Syrian." He replied, "But our people look upon you very much as a Molokan." "There is another thought that comes to me," I said. "I shall go away very soon and want to leave you in fellowship with men who are alive spiritually. The only ones I know are Calveit, his wife, sister, son-in-law, and a brother, who is a clerk in the military service." He accepted my proposition and we bowed down and prayed together, at the time of sunset. Rising, we went to the shop of our friend, Calveit.

When I made known to him this unexpected secret, he soared with joy, as one would say. So far, the Germans had found none from the outside to accept their doctrine and here was this Russian to be the first fruits of Baptist doctrine in all of Russia, and Calveit was to be his baptizer. He flung aside his apron and led us into the room where his wife was. She joined us in the examination of Veronin, as is the custom of the Baptists. The four of us knelt in prayer before the throne of the Most High and gave thanks for the first fruits, praying that it might not be the last. We went out together to the river Kur, not far distant from Calveit's home, and Veronin was baptized.

It is now two years since Martin Calveit, on account of his preaching to Russians, was sent into exile for five years to Gerusia, near the Persian boundary.

Soon after the baptism of Veronin, another friend, much honored among the Molokans, joined himself to Veronin, and with them there united an intelligent young man, who without a teacher had learned to read Hebrew and German. Afterwards he went for a year to school in Hamburg For six years he has been exiled, for the second time. His name is Vassili Hurjovich Pavlov. Since I was in Tiflis, others, fourteen in all, have been exiled. During these two years a very good church has been

established in Tiflis, but this year the government, at the instigation of Pobiedonostzev, the enemy of the Evangelicals, has forbidden their assembling together for prayer.

In 1867 I went from Tiflis to Shirvan to visit the church gathered from the Armenians of that place, and the Lord gave me joy in my visit, which was evidently for the edification and confirmation of them to the grace of Christ.

From there I went to Lenkoran, where there were also Molokans. There was a joyful revival through the operation of the Spirit of the Lord. There, too, it was the first time they had heard extemporaneous prayer and the true doctrines of the gospel of free grace through the Blood of Jesus Christ. There were some here who had come to believe in water baptism before I visited them, but they had fallen into the same error in regard to it as those Molokans of whom I have spoken above. On this visit to Lenkoran, seven or eight persons from the Molokans were baptized in the Caspian Sea.

After this tour, I arrived, by the good mercies of God, at Urumia, safe in body and spirit. I related to them there the story of the work among the Molokans and in the Shirvan church. In the spring I was ordained a minister, with the consent of the missionaries, at the hands of the Nestorian bishop, Mar Yohannan.

A few days after my ordination, I started out from Urumia on horseback, with seven traveling companions going afoot, as far as Frivan. From there I visited the Armenian brethren near Utch Kilisa, and Molokans in many villages by the way, until I reached the village of Schamahi in Shirvan. Here I purchased a supply of silk kerchiefs and stuffs for my trade and went on to Tiflis. I found that the baptism of Veronin had become known, and the leaders of the Molokans had told him that if he should come to their place of preaching, he would not be allowed to sit in the place he formerly had sat and that he would not be allowed to open his mouth to speak in the congregation. They also looked upon me very coldly and gave me no more opportunity as before to preach in their gatherings.

From Tiflis I came to the Molokan villages of Malochna, near to the Crimea, where I had been a year before. Here I saw the working of the Holy Spirit among numbers of people, young and old. Prayers were offered up in the dear Name of Christ, and the operations of the Holy Spirit became apparent. Although the enemy, lion-like, was roaring against the cause, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the almighty and blessed Shepherd, kept His feeble ones. There sprang up warm discussions concerning the truths of the gospel and those mistaken doctrines which had taken such fast root among them.

There was an old priest, in particular, who was given to setting forth and writing out erroneous doctrine. He was filled with wrath against me and twice entered complaint against me with the government, saying that I was disturbing their families and congregations. Representations were made by the Orthodox priests against me, but in spite of all their threats and hate they brought no injury either to me or to the cause. The priest made it more apparent to others that there was nothing in him of the Spirit of Christ. The Lord so overruled that there stood up in my behalf some prominent men of the government office who were more respected than were my enemies

On one occasion there were gathered together twelve chief men of the government of the province, to investigate the robbery of a family on one of nearby farms. To these officials the "coha" (head man) of the village said, "There is a Syrian here about whom the people of our village are complaining, saying that he is creating disturbances in their families and meetings." There was present in that company a prominent man, who was my friend and who had received the truth of the gospel into his heart. I had frequently been entertained in his home. "That Syrian of whom the 'coha' makes complaint stays in my house," said he, "and I know there is nothing bad about him. He sells the Holy Scriptures, which he carries about with him. They are now in my house. He teaches that the Lord's Supper and baptism are necessary rites, and this is so taught in the Word of God."

I went into the house of another priest, much honored in his village. His son-in-law was present. This priest commenced to discuss with me the doctrines of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. "My friend," said I, "look into the matter carefully and you will see that your traditions are opposed to the truth of Christ's gospel." After a little conversation, he smote his head with both hands, saying, "We have been studying the Word of God for

many years; is it possible we have not found the truth?" He left us and walked angrily into another room. I said to his son-in-law, "What a marvel is this! He is angry with me, but he beats his own head. He does not drive me away, but he goes off himself." In a few minutes he returned and begged my pardon that he had lost his temper.

This priest was a rich man, well along in years. Because of his age he did not attend to the duties of the priesthood but had his son ordained in his place. He frequently lost his temper and would say, "You have stealthily come into my house like a snake. You have stung my children so that they no longer obey me." (He was referring to those doctrines and traditions which they had discarded.) Once, when angry with his sons because they did not follow his own faith in regard to prayers for the dead, etc., he ordered me in strong language to leave his house, which I had always made my stopping-place while in that vicinity. It was midnight. I said to him and his sons, "Just as you wish. I will go now and sleep at a neighbor's house and in the morning will come and get my things; or, if you will allow me, I will sleep here until morning and then leave." The old man gave no reply immediately, but after a few minutes, with tears in his eyes, he said, "No, it was not my intention to drive you away, though I said so." Before we went to bed, he asked me to offer prayer. This is one out of the hundreds of experiences that have befallen me during these twenty-five years of work among Molokans.

Another time, some of them threatened that if I came again into their house, they would beat me unmercifully. When I returned to this village after a few months, I went to their house and, instead of beating me, they invited me to drink tea.

Let me finish these incidents with one other story. A prominent man, in whose house I was a guest, said, "You are like a gypsy—you have no shame." I replied, "Yes, and my forehead is like brass." I took out my handkerchief and said, "However much you spit in my face, I will wipe it off, and I will still look into your face and tell you that, unless you repent, you will perish. I have, indeed, eaten and drunk in your house, but you know that it is not for this that I have come here; it is for the salvation of your souls."

In these four villages of Molokans, there were more than four hundred Stundist believers, who were thus called to distinguish them from the Baptist converts. They hold to doctrines similar to those of the Presbyterians, except that they practice immersion in water once, as narrated above. Those who have come out from the Orthodox church, baptize their children in a river, or pond, or sea.

The Baptists here numbered about three hundred members, while the pure Molokans were more in number than all the others. The churches of both Stundists and Baptists were well organized as to congregations and ordained pastors. Any unrepentant or offending member was put out of the church until he should repent. The ordinances and ceremonies were conducted with propriety. Now that the government has forbidden preachers from other places to visit them, they still have freedom of worship according to their faith. The Baptist doctrine entered these villages about the year 1875 through a Russian Baptist from Tultcha, a city of Roumania. He had recently become a Baptist.

Permit me to make some statement here with regard to my own uniting with the Baptists and accepting their view of baptism, some eleven years ago. While preaching to the Molokans, who did not accept water baptism, I said, "You believe that Christ was baptized by John, and thousands confessed their sins and received baptism. The eunuch was baptized, and Crispus and Gaius and the household of Stephanus. These witnesses, you agree, were baptized with water, but you do not believe that Cornelius and the Samaritans and the three thousand on the Day of Pentecost received water baptism, though in this you oppose the testimony of a thousand witnesses. Bring a single clear witness or one writing that goes to show they did not receive water baptism in New Testament times." They replied, "There was the thief on the cross." I answered, "It is not written that he had not been baptized before." They then mentioned Zaccheus, and the lepers. "Very well," I said, "but it is not shown that any one of these was not baptized in water. It is written of Christ that He went up out of the water. John said, 'I baptize you with water, etc.'" Suddenly, the thought sprang up in my mind: "You are crowding the Molokans; what if a Baptist should crowd you in the same way,

(*Continued on page 18*)

OPPORTUNITY IN ROUMANIA

By Richard W. Hill

ON MAY 1st, the believers in Siret and representatives from a number of assemblies in that vicinity, gathered together to bid us farewell, after eleven years of service there. They had arranged a daintily decorated love feast, and more than eighty gathered to show us their affection and gratitude for the years of service among them. We were deeply touched by the various speeches made and the good wishes expressed. May the dear Lord abundantly bless them and keep them in the hollow of His hand!

Now we are getting settled in Cernauti, where the Lord has given us an open door. We open our new Gospel Hall next Sunday. It is right in the center of the town, and we are praying that many may come to hear the Word. You will rejoice that the Lord has already smiled upon our efforts here, and Mrs. Hill and I have been used to lead a young Jewish professor and his wife to the Lord, and also a young Jew who had studied four years in an Adventist seminary. Many are coming to the meetings and are displaying great interest.

In this town there are over 80,000 Jews, as well as a great many Ruthenians, and it is amongst these that our labors will be concentrated. North of Cernauti, as far as the Polish frontier, the villages are mostly Ruthenian. Very little missionary work has been undertaken here, except by Adventists. We now hope to enter this field and are praying for the right Ruthenian workers, as well as the means to support them, which would be about $20.00 for each worker. The Ruthenians are very susceptible to the gospel, and we ask all our friends to help, through intercession and gifts, to make this ministry possible. The harvest is ripe and the time is short.

The new Gospel Hall in Siret is now in the course of construction. The foundations have been laid and now the walls are being built. We do not have sufficient funds to complete the building, and I again appeal to all fellow believers to help us complete this absolutely necessary building by sending us funds for its erection. *About $600.00 is still needed.* Every gift will be most gratefully received.

We are still enjoying freedom from persecution, for which we praise the Lord, though in some parts of the country the believers have been imprisoned. However, they were released in a short time. Please remember us in your petitions that we may be found faithful in our ministry.

Prayer will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer.

Prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge for Satan.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words, than words without a heart.—*Bunyan.*

Farewell Meeting in Siret (Mr. and Mrs. Hill in Center)

STORY OF JAKO IVANOFF

By Mrs. Pauline Nikoff

Jako Ivanoff

In one of our small Bulgarian villages, Granitov, near to the frontier of European Turkey, there lived a poor peasant with his small family. He was not an educated man, but, in spite of that, he had the respect of all the people in the community because of his kind heart and his strength and courage. His young wife was a beautiful peasant girl, whose hands were always busy caring for her home and her two little girls, as well as working hard out in the field. Her husband was deeply in love with her and their home life was happy and peaceful, but they very much desired that they might have a little son. Fifteen years after their marriage, the Lord heard their cry and gave them a handsome little boy. The parents were indeed very happy.

Two months after the birth of the child, the father was called by the mayor of the village and asked to take two bandits to a nearby town. The mayor chose him because of his strength and courage. He had been in two wars and his chest was decorated with four medals for bravery. He started from the village with the two bandits. He was riding on a donkey, armed with a gun, while the two prisoners walked in front of him with their arms tied behind their backs. The road led through a forest. When they were in the midst of it, the two prisoners began to complain that they were sick and hungry and could not walk any farther. The kind-hearted man loosened their bonds while they ate their lunch. In a little while, they again started on their journey. One of them began to linger behind the animal, pretending that he wanted to help it go faster. When they came to the most dangerous part of the forest, this bandit suddenly leaped on the horse, grasped the gun, and, with the aid of the other prisoner, threw their guard into a hole and strangled him to death. Then they ran away.

This occurred about noon. In the early evening, the donkey returned home alone. The wife was terribly frightened. On the third day, some shepherd dogs discovered the body and the man's fate became known. The murderers were never found.

The happy home has been almost destroyed, as they are very poor, not having enough land on which to get their living. The only thing the brave widow does now is to carry stones from the village to the city, ten kilometers distant. Her little, old peasant wagon is drawn by a cow, which she borrows from a neighbor. A wagon full of stones sells for the equivalent of about twenty cents. With this money she can buy five loaves of bread, which she carries home to her fatherless children, one of whom died this year.

The little boy, who is now seven years old, is very good and very bright. His mother loves him dearly because he closely resembles his father. He does not know what it is to have good food and a comfortable bed. His food consists of brown bread, salt, pepper, onions, garlic, and some fruits that he can find for himself. He does not know anything about Christ. If God permits us, we will teach him to know his Heavenly Father, and then we hope that some day he will carry the gospel message to his own people in the district in which he now lives. May God bless the child and make of him a great man, but above all, a soldier of Christ! Perhaps someone will be led to help this child. May heaven pour upon them the glorious blessings from above!

Note: We are glad to say this boy is being cared for by the generosity of a kind friend. Many other orphans should have our prayerful interest.

Close fellowship with God involves special separation from the world.—*A. Murray.*

A loving trust in the Author of the Bible is the best preparation for a wise study of the Bible.

—*H. Clay Trumbull.*

NEWS FROM RUSSIA

(Translated from Russian)

THE Catholics have special privileges in Soviet Russia just now. They have new church buildings and their organizations are permitted some activity. The Russian Orthodox people seem now to have fewer rights than the Catholics. Certainly, this is for political reasons.

We have information from Voronez that evangelical services are being continued, but our correspondent says that believers are now scattered through all of Russia because of persecution.

Observers notice now an intensive turning of the people in Russia toward religion. There have been cases where factory workers have voluntarily collected money for a new church building. Many of these workers were imprisoned, as a result. In the industrial districts new churches have been built, some of the active participants being communists and atheists. This might be said about the factory workers in some of the districts that are known to be the most communistic. For instance, in Vladimir, with 7,000 factory workers; in Penza, with 2,000 workers; in Smolensk, with 3,000, etc. There are hundreds of communists who are now bitterly disappointed with the communistic program and are, in their disappointment, turning to the church. Some of them are communists of high position, even agents of the terrible G. P. U. (Bolshevistic Secret Police). Bolshevistic religious persecution has led some who were indifferent, and even adverse to religion, to take a new interest in the Orthodox Church.

The press of different countries now are publishing the sensational news that bread cards in the republic of Russia have been discontinued. Russians have been called the happiest of men now, because about 10,000 free bread stores have been opened for them. In explanation, first of all, these stores are very few for great Russia, entirely insufficient to meet the need; furthermore, the charge for the bread is thirty times higher than it was in the regime of Imperial Russia.

The communists are arranging festivals now in the imperial palaces in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and other cities. Foreign representatives are given spectacular receptions. The seventeenth anniversary of communism was celebrated with 850 guests present, all of whom were dressed beautifully. They were treated to costly food and drinks, while orchestras entertained them, and there was dancing until morning. All this took place while the population of Russia were living in hunger and unprecedented poverty.

In the communistic press, the Bolsheviks now admit that those few peasants who struggled for privately-owned farms and who, at great risk, refused to enter the Agricultural Commune, are more prosperous now than those in the Commune. The Bolshevistic Communes are like land-owners with slaves. The peasant in the Commune is forced to work for the State and little remuneration is given him for his personal needs.

A short time ago, we received information from our evangelical brethren in Russia that persecution of believers by the Bolsheviks is increasing in severity. New banishments and imprisonments have recently taken place. Christian families are appealing, in distress and tears, for our help. When they write to foreign countries, they undergo great risk, being mercilessly punished by the authorities. Some believers are now even afraid to acknowledge help from abroad. Furthermore, some Christians are so terrified that, in spite of their hunger, they ask their friends abroad not to send help, because they fear the consequences if their requests should be detected by the authorities. It is necessary, however, to help them, and new private ways of sending help to them must be found, so that they will not be involved in too much risk.

God's mercy is a holy mercy, which knows how to pardon sin, not to protect it; it is a sanctuary for the penitent, not for the presumptuous.

—*Bishop Reynolds.*

OPPOSITION AND BLESSING

By K. Jaroszuk, (Poland)

WE WERE invited to the village of C— for a baptism and the opening of a new chapel. We went by bicycle, and when we arrived we found the chapel filled with people and many standing outside. We had a wonderful service. Two choirs of young people were singing hymns of thanksgiving to God, and the believers testified one after another. Everyone was thanking the Lord for His loving kindness.

After the service, we all proceeded to the river for the baptismal service. It was a great and solemn procession, and many people joined us as we went on our way. We were singing hymns and praising the Lord, but the devil was not asleep. He is always trying to spoil God's work, but he is unsuccessful before the power of God. When we came to the bank of the river, there was a boat filled with people who had come with only one intention, that of disturbing our services. They were yelling, laughing, saying blasphemous things, and making every kind of noise. We did not pay any attention to them, but committed everything to the will of God. After a very short time, while we were praying, we saw that their boat had overturned and they had fallen into the water and were crying for help. The Lord had done His work. We proceeded with the baptismal service, and in the midst of our joyful singing and prayers, fourteen souls were buried with Christ in baptism.

After the baptism, we returned to the chapel to observe the Lord's Supper. After this service, we had dinner, which was followed by a young people's meeting. While they were singing, reciting verses, and playing different musical instruments, the devil sent one of his servants to disturb us again. An ungodly musician came and started to play and to sing ungodly, worldly songs in a loud voice, right on the porch of the chapel. We did not molest him, but the Lord Himself took care of the situation. The strings of his violin burst, one after the other, and he made a hasty retreat, amid the laughter of all present. It was late in the night when we left the meeting hall to go home.

Another time, I was visiting the village of More and staying in the home of one of the brethren. We were visited by a young man from the Russian Orthodox church, who was drunk and carried a large stone in his hand. He entered the house, shouting and blaspheming, apparently with the intention of striking me with the stone. I told him about the Lord and sang two songs for him, but it was of no avail. At last I succeeded in taking the stone from him and putting him out of the house. He was still noisy on the street and broke a neighbor's window. Then, when we felt relieved because we were rid of the drunkard, the devil sent another of his servants, a Russian atheist, a former school teacher. He tried to disturb us by criticizing the Bible, but none of his sneering remarks and blasphemies had any influence on us and we continued to praise God. The atheist left us in shame. Then we had a meeting, which the Lord blessed with His presence. Many times, during such discussions, I have been helped by the book, "Christianity or Religion," by Dr. Gaebelein.

I was invited to the home of a lawyer, and I thanked the Lord for this opportunity. Our conversation lasted more than an hour and the Lord helped me to answer all his questions. After a while he expressed a desire to have Dr. Gaebelein's book, "Christianity or Religion." I took it to him a day or so later and had another hour of conversation with him.

I also visited the rabbi of our town and had a conversation with him and his son about Jesus Christ. I had given his son a New Testament some time before, and he and his sister had both read it. At the close of our conversation, they invited me to come to visit them again.

It is easy to see, everywhere, a hunger for the Word of God. There is, indeed, much to hinder the spreading of God's Word, and this makes us more watchful and diligent. To my great regret, lack of funds prevents my using all my time in the Lord's service. This brings sorrow to my heart, because I know of the hunger of the people for real spiritual food. I pray that the Lord may send the necessary means so that I may use all my time in His work. May all those who love the Lord pray for these lost ones who are seeking the truth!

THE JEW—GOD'S ATTITUDE AND OURS

By Charles J. Service

WE ARE given light, as we enter the heavenly family, so that we may lack nothing which might have been ours throughout the endless ages of eternity, to our endless delight and boundless joy. "Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live: and so the Lord, the God of hosts, shall be with you" (Amos 5:14). "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

Did you ever stop and meditate concerning the land to which you are journeying, the country where you are going to dwell forever? Have you ever thought how you might make it a place where your soul will dwell in the midst of joys and experiences of sweetest unfoldings of never-anticipated friendships, the outcome of your wise and thoughtful sowing beside all waters? If not, oh then, dear friend, permit me to suggest to you right now to begin to point the lost to Christ. What a field there is right before us, with the brethren of our blessed Lord! Be the instrument, the channel at the disposal of Jesus Christ, to point them to Him by means of His Word, the New Testament, which is being sent to them in Europe as fast as funds come in. How I thank God for letting me have a part in this effort! Will you join me? I shall gladly forward anything you may send me, and I know the blessing of God will rest upon you for it, for He has promised to bless those who help the Jews. To have fallen in line with God's great plan and purpose in the choice of His own peculiar people, will mean much more than we can ever anticipate.

How does God look upon the Jew, anyway? Does He give any hint as to His attitude toward them, that we may have a similar attitude in our dealings with them? Let us look into the Word of God with regard to this matter.

"Thine hand shall be lifted up upon thine adversaries, and all thine enemies shall be cut off" (Micah 5:9). "And it shall come to pass, that as ye were a curse among the heathen, O house of Judah, and house of Israel; so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing: fear not, but let your hands be strong" (Zech. 8:13). "Thus saith the Lord of hosts; In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take hold out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you" (Zech. 8:23). See also Isaiah 49:25-26 and 54:15. "Therefore all they that devour thee shall be devoured; and all thine adversaries, every one of them, shall go into captivity; and they that spoil thee shall be a spoil, and all that prey upon thee will I give for a prey" (Jer. 30:16). "And they shall dwell safely therein, and shall build houses, and plant vineyards; yea, they shall dwell with confidence, when I have executed judgments upon all that despise them round about them; and they shall know that I am the Lord their God" (Ezek. 28:26). "*And I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God*" (*Genesis* 17:8).

Now is the time to *stop and think*, and then *do something!* NOW is the hour of our opportunity! What do I hear you say? I, for one, intend to make each moment count, by God's grace!

Note: Mr. Service is a shut-in, living at 1036 Almond Court, Long Beach, California. He has been used of God to forward many gifts through our society to our missionaries in Europe, for the purchase of Hebrew and Yiddish New Testaments for Jews.

Heart knowledge is the Spirit's work, and makes all glorious within.—*T. Adams.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACOB DILAKOFF

(*Continued from page 13*)

demanding that you find evidence of a single unbelieving child receiving baptism?" I searched, but found none. For five years this debate went on in my mind and I prayed much over the subject. During these five years, I could not baptize a single child. Finally, it seemed to be the will of the Lord that I should accept the teaching of baptism on confession of faith. This I did in the year 1886, uniting with the Baptist church. At first they were not willing to receive me in that liberty of conscience which the Baptists of England and the church of Mr. Spurgeon practice, but finally, after conference over the matter, they accepted me. Vassili Hurjowich Pavlov, Martin Calveit, Perzin, a distinguished German among them, accepted me and then they received me.

CALL TO PRAYER

By Fred Stettler

AS WE review the activities of the past months, we feel that the Lord has richly blessed us outwardly but has led us through deep waters inwardly. The time just closed has been a heavy strain in every way. We would have you understand that we need prayer more than ever before in our lives. We are at the present time in the place where nothing more important can be done than to *wait only upon God*. His promise is that "God worketh for him that waiteth." I am sure one of these days will prove that it was God's plan to lead us into deeper places of blessing.

Shortly before we left Poland for our furlough, we were engaged in evangelistic meetings. What a battle is on when we attempt to lead souls out of darkness into light! They seem to come to Christ in smaller numbers today than ever. Worldliness, increasing distrust among the nations at large, antagonistic clergy, the flesh, and the devil all have their part in opposing the free salvation of God's grace. To preach the gospel of Christ means that we challenge all the forces of the evil one. These forces are as real as the night, and we know it. Every soul saved and wholly devoted to Christ is a triumph and a marvel.

For weeks before we left our former sphere of labor, where we had spent nearly eight years, individuals and groups from the church came to bid us farewell. Usually, they wept silently and we would kneel together and commit our future to the Lord, who has been our Caretaker through all these years of service. It is our greatest joy to meet, here and there, souls whom we have been used to lead to Christ and to find that they are true and faithful to their holy calling and that the Lord is using them.

While we stayed in Germany, we met with various circles and found much to give us joy and encouragement. God also provided opportunities to present the work in Eastern Europe, and He opened the hearts of men so that very valuable grants of literature were put at our disposal to be used in Poland after our return in the fall.

Only last night I received a letter from a brother, saying that he had baptized nine persons and taken them into church fellowship—the fruit of last winter's evangelization work. It encourages us to know that our labor was not in vain. This month a meeting hall is being opened in Poland as a result of one of my trips last winter when four rooms were filled with interested men and women and twelve souls were saved.

While here in Switzerland, I have been asked constantly to supply pulpits in various denominations while the pastors were on their vacations. I was glad to get in touch with so many circles of dear Christian friends. Twice I was able to hold meetings in very large hospitals. There have been weeks during which I held seven meetings in addition to the drawing-room evening talks with men and women. In our neighbor's home, we are holding each week a sort of cottage Bible Hour. These are well attended, in spite of the hot weather. Last Friday it was so hot and crowded that a lady fainted. There is a lively interest on the part of all, most of them being people who are not Christians. We have also taken part in some conferences and weeks of prayer, with great spiritual profit.

My dear wife has been sick for a number of days, but is well again. The children are well and growing faster than ever.

Our going back to Poland will necessitate some changes and it is our greatest desire that we shall not fail to know the will of God. There have been calls from different places, with equal urgency, so that it is difficult to make a definite decision. We know that we shall only be useful in the place which God would have us occupy, and we, therefore, earnestly solicit your intercession.

As to the matter of our support, we had quite a number of extra expenses in connection with illness, moving, and traveling, so that at times it looked rather risky. However, the Lord placed His servants and handmaidens all along the way, who helped us, and we would gratefully acknowledge the goodness of the Lord who has sustained us. "Blessed are all they that wait for Him" (Isa. 30:18).

REACHING DARKENED SOULS

By Charles Lukesh, (Czechoslovakia)

HOW precious is real, living faith! One realizes this more than ever when thrown in contact with those who close their minds to the reality of God's promise. After a message on the Second Coming of the Lord for His own, I was surprised at the denseness of one who had heard of it several times before, from different standpoints. She took exception to the possibility of people from different parts of the globe meeting each other. For instance, at present my wife and I are separated by the ocean while she is in the United States on behalf of our work in Europe, and this deluded soul maintained, "I can never believe that you could meet her if Jesus were to come now." I gave her the simple illustration of two flies walking on different sides of the table—quite separated, but when they rise to the light at the ceiling, the separation automatically ceases. How much needed is the presentation of this glorious truth, when we consider the darkened minds of these lost souls! And how thankful I am to be privileged to know the truth and rejoice that it is also for me, redeemed by His precious Blood!

Again, how precious it is when souls come truly into the light and begin to see the depth of sin, depravity, and perversity from which they have been saved. Mrs. J— is one of these happy souls. As she recently expressed it: "I thank God for such abundant salvation, and pray that I may be kept from sliding back into self-righteousness or in any way turning back to the old life." Really opened eyes will see, and a really converted heart will beware of the pitfalls Satan puts in the way.

On the other hand, it is pitiful to see the struggle of souls who are still bound, such as Mrs. S—. Her husband died some time ago, and then his wife felt that she would be able to attend the mission and forsake his spiritualistic practices. But she forgot about her sister, who is a fanatical medium, even to the point that she will sit down anywhere and start a seance, if she finds someone willing to listen to her hallucinations. Her husband, also, is up to the ears in spiritism, and they both set themselves to influence the widow and keep her under the spell of evil spirits. Recently, however, she told her younger brother that she is going to cast out all the spiritualists and go to hear the Word of God. That is a good intention, worthy of being supported by our prayers, for she does not realize how soon the opportunity might be lost and how much harm is being done in the meantime.

Evidences show that the people would be willing to listen and consider if they were permitted to think, but they are not allowed to think for themselves. A woman was offered a tract, but she exclaimed in horror, "I can't take that! Who knows what it might be?" A thirteen-year-old girl declared that she could not read the tract, "Mabel Ashton's Dream," because the priest had forbidden them to read anything that had not been given them by the church. Is this darkness?

"To make hay while the sun shines" is an old adage. While passing a truck on the road, we noticed that one of the rear wheels was loose and we stopped them to tell them of the trouble. While the driver repaired the wheel, we learned that the lady had been in contact with some English folks in Paris and had learned the language quite well. She was quite impressed with the texts we have on both sides of the car, thinking it looked quite American. The lady expressed her appreciation of the fact that we would stop and call their attention to a possible danger. This gave us the opportunity of warning her of eternal danger. May she see it! The incident may lead to an opening at a place where we have been awaiting an opportunity for a long time.

Some reports from mission fields read as if it were just—"Veni, vidi, vici" (I came, I saw, I conquered). That would be an ideal state. However, it is a front line trench struggle against a strongly fortified enemy's position. Our years of tract work, into which we have put all our health, strength, and means, have given us some openings, which we want to use to the best advantage. We praise the Lord for the second-hand car He has given us to further the work, thus multiplying our opportunities. We wish we had the running expenses as low as they

are in the United States, but the taxes on the car, as well as the gasoline, make it cost three times as much. Yet what opportunities are opened thereby! How many places can be reached, and how the time can be utilized! It is cheaper to run the car, in spite of the expense, than to maintain three sets of workers. But there is not enough support for even one set! What a struggle, then, to do all that should be done! Complaining? Never! We say it only to encourage a bit of help that might be rendered, while we gladly will spend and be spent, as long as there is opportunity. Make it possible for us to go on, whosoever loves the Lord and lost souls! The car saves time, strength, health, draws distant places within reach, multiplies opportunities—but it won't run on water power! It came just in time to save us from complete breakdown from over-exertion and it may keep us for further usefulness, *if someone helps to push it.*

EXPERIENCING BLESSING

By J. I. Schnapp

(Roumania)

THE Lord has been blessing our work here. Through the grace of our Lord, three Jews have come out fully for Him. After having heard the gospel many times, they were fully convinced that Jesus Christ our Lord was their Messiah and Saviour and they gave themselves to Him. The Jewish professor and his wife, whom I mentioned before, are included. All praise and glory to our Lord, who is giving us such tokens of His love.

I rejoice that Brother and Sister Hill have moved to Cernauti, for I am sure the work of the Lord will be blest among Jews and Gentiles as we unitedly look to our Lord in prayer and give our strength and expect great things from Him.

We are hoping soon to open a new place for our meetings, one that will be much larger than the one we have and will give many Jews and Gentiles an opportunity to hear the gospel. We expect to meet four times during the week.

I am giving special attention to street meetings, as well as to visitation work in homes, offices, and factories. I visited Radanti again and the Lord gave me the opportunity to bring the message of the Cross to many of the Jews there. Please pray much for us, for prayer results in blessing and power.

Bulgarian Children in American Clothing

"NAKED, AND YE CLOTHED ME"

By Mrs. Pauline Nikoff

I WISH to express my hearty gratitude to our dear friends in America for sending me two bundles of second-hand clothing. I received them after Christmas. It was very hard to exempt them from duty, but after a month's struggle the national government gave me written permission to receive the clothing free of duty, except a little money for the cost of delivery.

I gave these things to the children of our Sunday School, some of whom were really naked. I took the old dresses which were sent and gave them to the women of our Missionary Society in Sofia, who, in five meetings for sewing, made out of them ten beautiful new dresses. You will see the children wearing them, on the accompanying picture. These children have been regular in their attendance and have shown the best Christian spirit. They re ceived them on Friday before Easter Their joy was unspeakable, and they thank you all for their new dresses.

The Lowliness of Christ

If you are led of the Holy Spirit, you will not care how lowly you are. You will not find much jostling down in the low place—there are very few that struggle to be little; there are many that struggle to be great.—*William Lincoln.*

ITINERANT WITNESSING IN HUNGARY

By Eugene Nagy

THERE are two Scripture verses which rule my life in a special way here. The first is, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," and the other, containing a promise, is, "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." Faithful planting and watering of the Word of God is about all one can do, for, after all, it is God alone who "giveth the increase."

The writing of my autobiography took up some of my time this past year, and I at first hesitated as to whether I should take that time from my other work. After prayerful consideration, I felt that it would be helpful to the young, and thus I undertook the writing of it. Letters sent to me have borne witness that this has been the case.

Visits have been made to neighboring towns, and and the preaching of the Word is always followed by the distribution of Scripture tracts. About 90 miles from here, a mission center has been established among the miners, with splendid results, the work spreading out from that center.

A girls' choir and also a boys' choir were organized during the past summer. They sing the Hungarian translations of our American church hymns. These children's gatherings are most blessed and they love them, for the Word is spoken to them in a way that they can grasp. The teaching of the hymns takes time, but it is well worth while, for the fruits are in evidence. I use my violin to accompany the singing. Our plan is to organize these groups of boys and girls into Christian Endeavor societies.

Several conferences were held, and as a result I have a Christian brother who is devoted to the work, and together we labor for the Lord and His kingdom.

My American passport has been extended by the State Department. While attending to this matter at our Consulate at Budapest, I visited an influential Christian gentleman, with whom I had a most helpful conversation with reference to my work.

As I have already noted, my work takes in a wide field, and I have many seasons of rejoicing as the fruits of my labor appear. I am concerned about only one thing, namely, that God be glorified and that the gospel of His beloved Son be made known.

The Lord is wonderfully gracious! What I most missed here—the hearing of divine services in New York—is now practically satisfied. Just a turn on our radio and I join in the service at London, hearing the sermon and then joining in the prayer.

This summer, the Lord willing, I expect to visit other towns for the extension of my mission work. Please remember this plan and all my other work, as well as myself, in your prayers. Christian greetings to you all.

FRUITFUL SERVICE

By Ivan Moriakoff

(Esthonia)

I VISIT regularly a number of villages, walking miles and miles. In many places I receive a hearty welcome. A few days ago a young girl of sixteen prayed openly in our meeting for the first time.

In one of the places I preached, several men interrupted me with their questions during the sermon and there was some disturbance. I was compelled to tell the audience that I could not preach under such conditions and I was going to leave the house, but the majority of those present urged me to continue telling them of salvation through Jesus Christ. Then I went on with my preaching and all the people were very quiet and attentive. They asked me to visit this place again.

I have many good people to deal with, but sometimes it is the reverse. In one place, a young man covered the table with soot.

Our Brother Mosherenok helps me greatly. He preaches, administers the Holy Communion, baptizes, and gives very helpful talks to the people. In the village of Kukuevka five men prayed openly in our meeting for the first time. In the village of Petrovsk three years ago there was not one evangelical believer and now there are ten who serve the Lord in simplicity of heart.

I was invited to a Lettish village and the Lord blessed my testimony there. Although they are Letts, they liked our Russian preaching very much. There is a group of them who comprise a regular evangelical congregation. Some people in this group are Christians, but they are mixed with the world. I advised them to give up this double way of living, which is not right for Christians.

CONFIDENCE AMID APOSTASY

By John Gordiuk

(Poland)

I THANK the Lord for His dear children, who remember me before His Throne. We are living in such times and conditions that persistent prayer is at present our greatest need. Life in our country can be compared to living on the edge of a volcano, waiting every day for an eruption. There is great unrest. We live on the border line between eastern and western Europe, and no one knows what the next day will bring. Only the blessed faith of Enoch, who "walked with God" and was not found because God had translated him, gives us strength to follow in the steps of our Master. It is written also that Enoch "had this testimony, that he pleased God." May it be ours to follow Enoch in this way! It is evident, also, that the Lord will soon call His own away, as He did Enoch in his time. Blessed hope!

During the past two months I have been traveling in different places in Wolyn, visiting many churches. I covered about 600 kilometers, mostly on foot. Twice I traveled with an English brother, helping him as interpreter. The Lord kept us and blessed our service. In many places there are awakenings, while in some there is indifference. The world seems waxing worse and worse, and "because iniquity abounds, the love of many shall wax cold." The enemy puts forth all his efforts to keep the people under his power, using different means, the main one being religion.

In very many places, our meetings were packed with people, who listened to the Word of God with great attention and interest. It is a great privilege to see the joy of the people, as their eyes begin to open and they recognize their lost condition and then the heavenly light comes down into their hearts and they find salvation in Christ Jesus and begin to praise Him. Before my conversion, when I read the gospel, I never thought that the Lord might do such wonders now as He did in times past. I was sorry that I had not lived when Jesus Christ was on the earth and did so many wonderful things, but now I am very happy that I can see the wondrous works of the Lord in these terrible times, when all things around seem to be very dark. "The people which sat in darkness have seen a great light." Although evil is increasing, and conditions of life are becoming more and more difficult, yet "in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Surely, our God is "the God that doest wonders."

EVANGELIZING

By George Nazaruk

(Poland)

I WANT to send hearty greetings to our dear Fellowship family, wishing them rich blessing from the Lord. I promise to remember all of them in earnest prayer before God, especially Dr. A. C. Gaebelein, in the meetings which he is constantly holding in so many places. I read about these meetings and with tears I remember all of them. I believe his aim in preaching is to uplift our precious Saviour and to help us poor missionaries. May God give power and strength from on high!

This year God is laying on my heart to pray more, and to love Him more, as well as His dear children, who are working for the Lord and helping in many different ways to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ everywhere. I want to pray as Jabez did in I Chron. 4: 10. I spoke along this line to my church during the day of fasting and prayer. Let us renew our strength by the power of our Lord, and let us increase our sphere of work for the Lord. There are many homes that have not yet been visited by us, in Ozenin and nearby villages. There are many precious souls calling us and asking us to tell them about the Saviour and to show them the way of life. If we do not heed the call, we will be held accountable. All the members began to pray and now we are all waiting for next Sunday, when many will tell how God blessed them in speaking to unbelievers, as we promised to do. Will you help me, my dear American Christians, with your earnest prayers that our church of Ozenin of 112 members may become a missionary church? I trust that each Sunday we will have more and more who will become interested in soul winning. In many villages around us there is not one convert. Especially in the city of Ostrog, with its 18,000 people, there are very few believers. Please remember this part of Wolynia in your prayers.

Within the past few months, we had a very sad meeting and also several joyful ones. My oldest sister, Anna Nazaruk, died. She was much be-

loved, not only by her relatives but by Christian people in general, because of her sweet Christian spirit, her singing and teaching, and her testimony. She was a leader among the young people and children and was my right hand worker. Her home-going has affected the health of my aged father and mother.

We also had several weddings. The first was that of Mr. O. Polamarchuk, our blind man—though now he sees better than he did formerly, because of the help of the dear American friends who made it possible for him to go to Lwow for treatments. He is still very grateful to the dear American Christians, as is also his bride, Zina Polamarchuk. We trust you will remember them both in prayer.

Another wedding ceremony took place in Ozenin, when Peter Zeleniuk, the vice-president of our young people's society in Wolynia, was married. A great crowd attended. It is a great blessing to our church to have so many people come from different places and hear the Word of God, for at a wedding we preach to the unsaved just as we do in a revival meeting.

Then, my parents and I had the privilege of seeing my two youngest sisters, Nadia and Maria, married at the church in Plosk. It was more like a real evangelistic meeting than a wedding.

BEARING WITNESS

By Nikita Mosherenok
(Esthonia)

FROM the depths of my heart I thank you for the help I receive from you for my evangelical work. I am working prayerfully and with all my strength for the spiritual benefit of Russians in different places here on the border of Russia. The Lord is blessing my work and there are some conversions. It is a joy to me to witness people praying openly in our meetings for the first time, in repentance and faith.

My work is primarily in Reval and in Petchorsky district with Brother Moriakoff, right on the border of Russia. We have had much trouble because of the incorporation of our Russian evangelical congregations according to the new Esthonian law, which means that there are some limitations. My warm greetings to you all.

AN OUTSTANDING book and one much needed in these times is Dr. Gaebelein's "Conflict of the Ages," now in sixth edition. Helpful for your reading and for passing on to your friends. $1.00 postpaid. Order from Fellowship Office.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the American European Fellowship, Inc., a Corporation formed under the Laws of the State of New Jersey, and located at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y., the sum of ..... and the receipt of the Treasurer thereof shall be a sufficient discharge to my executors.

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